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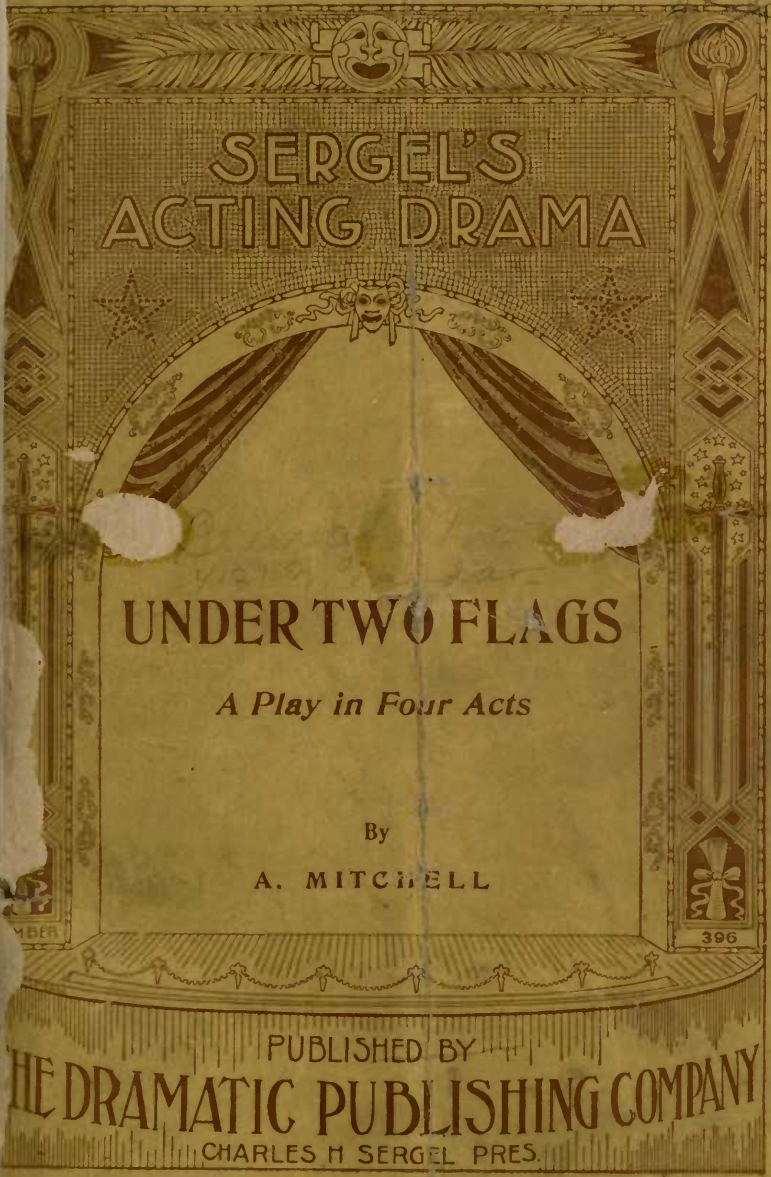

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

PRIVATE THEATRICALS

By W. D. EMERSON.

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival." "Humble Pie," etc.

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UNDER TWO FLAGS.

A ROMANTIC PLAY,

IN FOUR ACTS.

DRAMATIZED FROM OUIDA'S FAMOUS NOVEL

BY A. MITCHELL.

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

CHICAGO:
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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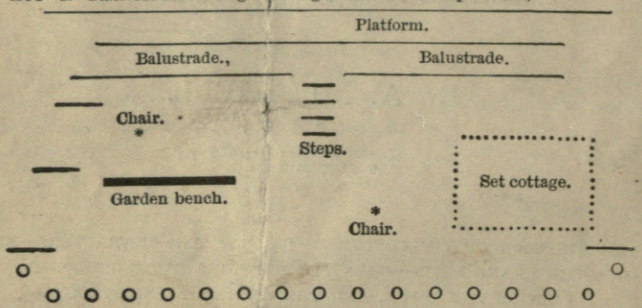
CHARACTERS.

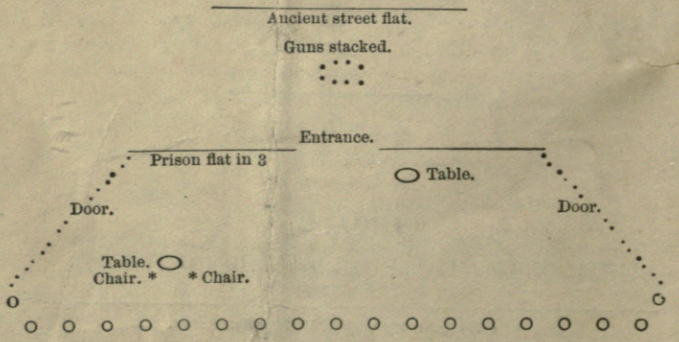
BERTIE CECIL, of the First Life Guards; afterwards known as Louis Victor.
BERKELEY CECIL, his brother.
LORD ROCKINGHAM, known as The Seraph.
RAKE, an Irish knight of the pigskin.
COLONEL CHATEAUROY, called the Black Hawk.
BEN DAVIS, a Welcher.
BARONI, a Jewish money lender.
CAPTAIN LEROUX, PETIT PICPON, PIERRE MATOU, } of the Chasseurs.
CIGARETTE, the Friend of the Flag.
VENETIA, Lord Rockingham's sister; afterwards Princess Corona.
LADY GUENEVERE.
NORA MCSHANE, Venetia's maid.
DJELMA, An Arab girl.
Troopers of the Chasseurs, etc.

SCENE PLOT.

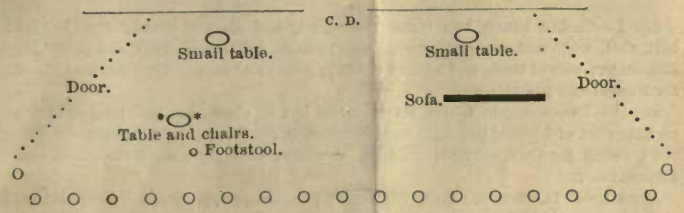
ACT I.—Platform across stage in 3rd. grooves. Landscape in 4th,



ACT II.

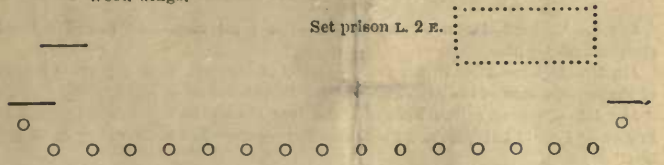


ACT III.—Fancy Drawing-room scene in 3rd grooves.



ACT IV.

Dark wood.



TIME IN PLAYING—TWO AND A QUARTER HOURS.

COSTUMES.

BERTIE CECIL.—Act I., Jockey suit, colors scarlet and white. Acts II., III., and IV., French corporal's uniform.

BERKELEY CECIL,—Act I., Light checkered trousers, light coat. Act III., Full dress suit.

LORD ROCKINGHAM.—Act I., English riding suit. Act IV., Dark travelling suit.

RAKE.—Act I., Dark livery. Acts II., III., and IV., French uniform.

COLONEL CHATEAUROY.—French colonel's uniform throughout.

BEN DAVIS.—Act I., White trousers, boot tops, black coat, white hat with black band.

BARONI.—Jewish costume and make up.

CAPTAIN LEROUX.—French captain's uniform.

PICPON.—French uniform.

PIERRE MATOU.—French uniform.

CIGARETTE.—Vivandier's dress, short, tri-color, all through piece; wears cross of Legion of Honor after second act.

VENETIA CORONA.—Act I., Light summer dress. Act II., Silver-gray train riding habit; hat, gloves, and whip. Act III., Handsome train house dress. Act IV., Rich dark train dress; lace for head, small handbag.

LADY GUENEVERE.—Act I., Stylish summer costume; parasol, gloves, and handkerchief; ribbon to match Bertie's jockey suit, scarlet and white.

NORA McSHANE.—Neat waiting maid's dress; cap, etc.

DJELMA.—Fancy Arab costume.

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PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Garden bench, two rustic chairs, tray and glass of brandy, steel bar for bell, coat, whip and cigarettes for BERTIE; check, small note-book and pencil for BERKELEY; pair of boots and letter for RAKE; purse and money for VENETIA; check for BARONI and ROCKINGHAM.

ACT II.—Two common tables, six tin cups, box of chessmen, and pitcher of tea on table; lot of letters, packages and documents for CIGARETTE; cigarettes for VICTOR; sword for CHATEAUROY; rose for VENETIA; newspaper for RAKE; coins for CHATEAUROY.

ACT III.—C. D. curtains; fancy furniture; pen, ink, paper, lighted lamp, books, chessmen on table; document for CHATEAUROY.

ACT IV.—Five guns, two sure fire; note-book and pencil for VENETIA; document for CIGARETTE.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—England—Down on the Shires—The great race—The forged note—A steeplechase for life.

ACT II.—Algiers—After twelve years—Arrival of Cigarette with papers—A soldier of France—Capture of the Arab chief's wife—Dispatches from Algiers.

ACT III.—Evening at the Nest of the Silver Pheasant—The Little Leopard of France—"I could kill you, and I will!"—The blow—"You lie, and you know you lie!"

ACT IV.—An interval of two days—The camp in the desert an hour before sunrise—To the Grand Marshal—Lady Venetia's appeal to Black Hawk—The meeting of Rockingham and Victor—"I am ready; give your signal!"—Timely arrival of Cigarette—"France! France!"—Death of Cigarette.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage, facing the audience.

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Landscape in 4th grooves; platform in 3rd; balustrade 3rd; wood wings; set cottage* L. 2 E.; *steps* C.; *garden bench* R. 1 E.; *chair* L. 1 E.; *chair up* R. C.

At rise of curtain RAKE *enters*, C., *singing, with a pair of boots in his hand.*

RAKE (*sings*).

"There was plenty of gold and of silver
From the Isle of Connaught to Tralee,
And the diamonds all turned to potaties,
And the divil an acre have we."

Begorra! It's mighty particular the master is about his boots until he puts his foot in them, then it's divil a care, and they come back looking like a bog-trotting carbeen. But he's a rale gintleman, as proud as Julius Cæsar, and as kind as the blessed Virgin; and such a rider; sure there's never a bit of water so wide or a bush so high but he's over it like a lark.

Enter LORD ROCKINGHAM, R. U. E.

ROCKINGHAM. Where is your master?

RAKE. Dressing himself, yer honor.

ROCK. Dressing! (*looks at watch*) Why, it lacks but fifteen minutes of starting time.

RAKE. Yes, and mesilf made so bold as to tell him so, and he finished his cup of coffee, and says he, "If I'm not ready they can wait."

ROCK. Confound his indifference! I wonder if he realizes that he carries all the Guards' money. I haven't hedged a shilling I stand to win on Cecil and the King. Think he'll win?

RAKE. Win is it? Sure the horse that beats Forest King will have to have wings. There's some good ones in the race though, and it will be hard work for the leader; but the King—St. Patrick preserve him—he'll not fail ver. yer honor. (*gong rings.*)

VOICE (*outside*). Take the field, bar one!

ROCK. They're getting ready for the start! For Heaven's sake go tell your master to hurry! [*Exit* RAKE *into house*, L.

Enter BERKELEY, R. U. E.

BERKELEY. Ah, Rockingham! Bertie out yet?

ROCK. No; dressing, as usual.

BERK. I've just had a look at Forest King; he'll stay.

ROCK. Of course he will, with all our pots on him. He's too much of a gentleman to put us all up a tree; besides, that horse knows he carries the honor of the whole regiment.

BERK. There are some good horses entered. Day Star is a splendid fencer, and for a brook jumper Wild Geranium can't be beaten. The worst of it is, Bertie is in no condition for hard riding.

ROCK. Fact—hasn't trained a bit; he doesn't believe in it; and how a man who spends his time drinking champagne and dancing is going to be in hard riding trim, beats me.

Enter LADY GUENEVERE, *from house.*

LADY GUENEVERE. Ah, gentlemen, is it nearly time for the start?

ROCK. Yes; the saddling bell has already rung, but Bertie isn't out yet.

LADY G. Oh yes he is; I saw him five minutes ago. I have six boxes of gloves bet on him; and see, I wear his colors. (*shows colors.*)

ROCK. Then there'll be no doubt of his winning, for Bertie Cecil never disappoints a lady. (*going*) Shall we go to the grand stand?

LADY G. No; the crowd is too great for me; and besides we have a fine view of the course from here. (*going*) ROCKINGHAM *helps* LADY G. *on chair.*)

VOICE (*outside*). Take the field! Bar one! (*shouts repeatedly.*)

Enter RAKE, *from house.*

SECOND VOICE. Two to one on Forest King! (*shouts.*)

FIRST VOICE. Ten to five on Wild Geranium! (*shouts.*)

SECOND VOICE. Take the field! Bar one! (*shouts.*)

ROCK. See, the flag is dropped; they're off! (*shouts.*)

BERK. Bertie has the start. No, the Irish mare passes him like lightning! (*shouts.*)

ROCK. Wild Geranium is neck and neck with him—now they come to the first fence! They're over! (*shouts.*)

BERK. That chestnut is not to be beaten. See, she passes the King.

LADY G. He'll win! He'll win! I know he will!

BERK. The chestnut is even with him. (*shouts*) Ye gods! Bertie is riding cautiously. What's up?

LADY G. Quick, Bertie! they're gaining on you!

ROCK. Two-thirds of the course is run. Now comes a yawner! Forest King is over like a bird! (*shouts.*)

BERK. The chestnut is over with him! (*shouts*) Wild Geranium's in the brook! (*loud laughing by voices outside.*)

FIRST VOICE. The King wins!

SECOND VOICE. Scarlet and white ahead!

FIRST VOICE. Ten to five on the chestnut. (*continued shouts outside.*)

ROCK. Bertie has it!

BERK. Not yet.

VOICES (*outside*). The Guards! The Guards have it!

ROCK. Now for the last fence. The chestnut is even with him? Now, Bertie, now! Now one touch of your spurs. There, he's over! (*shouts outside*) The chestnut won't jump!

VOICES (*outside*). The Guards! The Guards!

RAKE. By the cats of Kilkenny! St. Patrick himself couldn't have done it better. [*Exit into house,* L.

ROCK. Yes, he's alone at the finish; he has passed the wire, and here he comes! (*helps* LADY G. *from chair; she sits* R. *on bench.*)

Enter BERTIE CECIL, L. U. E., *amid shouts from outside.* ROCKINGHAM *assists him with coat.*

BERTIE CECIL. I'd give the world for a brandy and soda, I'm so deuced thirsty.

ROCK. (*helping* BERTIE *to put on coat*). Well, upon my word! One would think by your indifference that you had lost instead of won.

BERT. Well, they did give me a close rub, and the vase was his as much as mine, for had his horse been as good fencer as he is a water jumper, we should have been neck and neck at the finish.

ROCK. Well, you did it handsomely; you sustained the honor of the regiment, and I congratulate you. (*shakes hands.*)

Exit ROCKINGHAM *into house.* *Enter* RAKE, *with tray and brandy and soda.* BERTIE *drinks.* *Exit* RAKE, *with tray and glass, into house.*

LADY G. Superbly ridden. But, Bertie, you would have lost had it not been for that last leap.

BERT. If I could not have been victorious while you looked on I should never have lived to meet you here.

LADY G. (*laughing*). Now you are getting sentimental—that amuses me. Tell me, Bertie, is it so very delightful, this desperate effort to break your neck?

BERT. Well, there is a great deal to be said for it; and until one *has* broken his neck the excitement does not entirely wear off. But so many people break their necks nowadays, doing the Alps and all that sort of thing, that I fear we shall soon have nothing left to ourselves.

LADY G. (*laughing*). Not even the monopoly of sporting suicide. That *is* hard!

BERT. But suppose that I had really broken my neck, would you have cared?

LADY G. Cared? Why, Bertie!

BERT. You know that the Jews are down on me. That I'm head over heels in debt. Now, suppose that I had come to grief—dropped out of the world altogether.

LADY G. It would have broken my heart.

BERT. I didn't know that you had a heart to break.

LADY G. I remember not long ago the body of a young man was found in the Seine, and in his hand he held a lock of golden hair—now that man knew how to die gracefully.

BERT. Died for a woman? Ah! Well, I don't think I should have done that—not even for you—at least not while I had a cigarette left. (*lights cigarette.*)

LADY G. No; there is not enough romance in your nature. But I can recall *that night* when the horses ran away, and you risked *your* life to save *mine*.

BERT. That was a ticklish situation, wasn't it? The horses had been used to following the buck hounds, and when the stags started up in front of them there was no holding them back.

LADY G. Yes, and should my husband hear of that ride, even now—I tremble to think of the consequences.

BERT. Rest assured. I give you my word he shall never know that you were with *me* on that evening.

LADY G. I know that you will keep your word; and we must remember that there are *four hours* in *both our lives* that must be hidden from this world forever. (*during this speech she rises,* BERTIE *takes her hand, and as she gets to house, kisses it.*) [*Exit into house.*

BERT. Now, there's the advantage of making love to a woman who has a husband—she can't marry you.

Enter RAKE, R 3. E.

Well, Rake, how does the King stand the strain?

RAKE. Bright as a bird and as frisky as the girls of Kerry.

BERT. Go to my room; there you will find some bracelets on a table, with a note; deliver them to the address. (RAKE *starts to go*) Stay! On your way back get some Banbury bits; we'll want new ones.

RAKE. Aye, aye, sir. (*aside*) Sure, it's an ambassador I am, with more perfumed notes and jewelries, and the divil know what, since the days of Brian Boroimhe. [*Exit into house.*

Enter BERKELEY, R. U. E.

BERT. Ah! youngster, how are you?

BERK. Beastly! I say, Bert, are you in a hurry?

BERT. Yes, a deuce of a hurry; why?

BERK. I'm in a hole—no end of a hole.

BERT. Nothing serious, I hope?

BERK. I want some money.

BERT. So do I; it's the normal condition of man to want money. For what?

BERK. I lost a couple of hundred at chicken-hazard last night, and I told Poulteney I would settle to-day, but I have no idea where I am going to get the money, unless you let me have it.

BERT. I? Why I'm in no end of a hole myself. But there, there, don't worry about it; do as I do—take disagreeable things up in the morning with your coffee, and put them down with it.

BERK. Ah! It's well enough to talk that way, but I tell you unless I pay to-day I'm ruined.

BERT. Ruined! See here, youngster, you'll bring disgrace on all of us some day.

BERK. How brutal you are, Bertie; are you such a mirror of virtue yourself? I suppose my debts at the worst are about one-fifth of yours.

BERT. I'm not a good one for you to copy; I don't think I ever told you I was—however, that is not the point. You want £200. Go to the governor, tell him all; he'll not refuse you; you were always his favorite.

BERK. I'd rather shoot myself than ask him for money. He's in trouble about the mortgage; the holder threatens to foreclose.

BERT. Foreclose! Is it possible?

BERK. Yes; I'd rather cut my throat than ask him for money now.

BERT. See here, youngster, if I had the money it should be yours, but I'm in no end of trouble myself; my own debts may be called in at any moment, and when they are I must cut, run, leave the country. I have really less that I can call my own than the man who tends my horses, but I am heavily backed for the next race, and if I win I will let you have some money.

BERK. Bert, there is one way you could help me now, if you would.

BERT. I really don't see how.

BERK. I am not of age, and of course my signature is of no use,

Now you are such chums with Rockingham, and he's as rich as all the Jews put together. He'd let you have the money in a minute; now won't you?

BERT. What you ask is impossible. If I did such a thing as that I should deserve to be hounded out of the Guards to-morrow.

BERK. You speak as though it would be a crime.

BERT. It would be a trick of a swindler, and it would be the shame of a gentleman. That is answer enough.

BERK. Then you will not do it?

BERT. (*crosses to house*). I have replied already. Although our father is a peer of England, we are none the less penniless beggars. What right have we to borrow of our friends?

[*Exit into house.* (*Plaintive music.*)

BERK. (*looks after him*). What is to be done? I was sure he would let me have the money. The note is due to-day. I dare not ask the governor for it, and I have not the courage to face the consequences. Nothing remains for me but to leave this place forever. (*takes out note book, crosses to bench and writes*) "Bert, I asked you for money; it was not to pay a gambling debt. I forged your name and Rockingham's to a note that is due to-day. I thought you would let me have the money; but now nothing remains for me but to cut and run, as I dare not face the governor. Yours, etc., Berkeley." (*folds note*) I will hand this to Rake. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Enter DAVIS, L. 3 E., *looking around cautiously, beckons on* BARONI. *Slow music.*

DAVIS. There! That's done, and if that horse wins again with a painted bit I'm a Dutchman.

BARONI. Vat a child you vas. You make so much noise the whole house vill hear you.

DAV. That cursed swell; I've paid him off at last.

BAR. Vat a child you vas to spoil so good a horse just because his master kicked you into the ditch.

DAV. It was a bad day for him when he did it, curse him! Those stuck-up swells, they won't give in—not even when they are mortal hit.

BAR. Vell, vat's the difference, so long as you *have* hit 'em and you pocket the monish.

DAV. Oh, hang the blunt; it's *revenge* I want. Now see here, my pigeon, you put that swell to the grindstone for the second act of our comedy.

BAR. Comedy—comedy: it's more like a tragedy. Just you wait until after the next race, and don't you put your big paw in it, or you'll spoil the pudding.

DAV. You know as well as I do that I can't show in the game; oh, but bless me, I'd like to.

BAR. Say, what if Rockingham should pay up to save his friend?

DAV. What! without wringing my dainty bird's neck? No, not for all the money of the Rothschilds. But when I see him smashed, crushed, ruined, then I'll have my revenge.

BAR. Oh, vat a child you vas, (*aside*) und vat a damn fool. (*aloud*) Vell, you take the revenge and I'll take the monish, my dear.

Enter RAKE, L. U. E., *sees* BARONI *und* DAVIS.

RAKE. Hello! By the soul of Sally Callahan, if there ain't as purty a

pair of divils as iver put foot to ground. (*aloud*) Hello! what are you up to here?

BAR. Nothing; we—we were just taking a walk in the park.

RAKE. Taking a walk; and are you sure it's nothing else you're taking? But who's your mate over there wid a face on him like the day after Donnybrook fair?

BAR. He's a cousin o' mine out o' Yorkshire.

DAV. Yes, I be his cousin out of Yorkshire, just come down to see the races. (*spoken in Yorkshire dialect.*)

RAKE. Well, you look more like yer come to yer own funeral; sure, if it's wanting a race yes are, I'll give yer one with the dogs. (*whistles off* R.)

DAV. (*starts for* RAKE, *is stopped by* BARONI). What, you infernal Irishman; you set the dogs on me?

RAKE. Sure, I don't think they'd hurt you; that face of yours would scare the whole pack of them.

DAV. (*starts for* RAKE; BARONI *stops him*). You infernal hostler, I'll wring your neck!

BAR. (*aside to* DAVIS). Vat a child you vas. Don't got so excited. Come, we'll settle with him after the master. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

DAV. (*looks fiercely at* RAKE). I'll see you again, and when I do I'll kick that Irish head of yours into a cocked hat. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

RAKE. Maybe you'd better take the measure of me head now, so it will be sure and fit. Faith, with two dirty blackguards like that together there's dirty work to be done somewhere, and, by the same token, I've seen that Yorkshire lad before. By the rock of Cashel, if it ain't the same welcher that Mr. Cecil threw out of the betting ring. Bedad, I'll keep me eyes on them, and if there's anything wrong I'll give them a taste of as elegant a piece of blackthorn as ever cracked a head at Donnybrook. (*Irish specialty—song and dance.*) [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Enter BERTIE *and* ROCKINGHAM *from house.* BERTIE *sits* R.; ROCKINGHAM L.

ROCK. Lady Guenevere is certainly a very charming woman. I would give a great deal if she thought as much of me as she does of you.

BERT. She is a very charming woman; but, do you know, she loves nothing in this world as much as her family diamonds.

ROCK. (*laughs*). Confound you. You require too much sentiment.

BERT. (*lighting cigarette*). Seraph, I've been thinking——

ROCK. (*laughing*). You don't mean it. Never let it be known, or you'll lose your reputation.

BERT. I've been thinking what a fellow might do if he came to grief—dropped out of the world altogether. D'ye you know, I think there are vast fields open.

ROCK. Gold fields?

BERT. No, no; I mean a field for—what d'ye call it—genius—that's the word.

ROCK. Nonsense. You'd better be thinking of the next race. Are you sure of yourself?

BERT. I am never sure of anything, much less myself.

ROCK. Then what the dence do you mean by telling us to pile our pots on you?

BERT. My friend, I may disappoint you, but Forest King never will.

Enter RAKE, *quickly*, R. U. E.

RAKE. Mr. Cecil, there is something the matter with the King. (BERTIE *and* ROCKINGHAM *both rise and exclaim* The King!)

[*Exit* ROCKINGHAM, R. U. E.

RAKE. It's as true as I'm me father's son, the elegant beast is all aheap in his stall.

BERT. Some one must have doctored him.

RAKE. Doctored or poisoned; it's all the same thing.

Enter LADY GUENEVERE *from house.*

LADY G. Why, how serious you look, Bertie. What has happened?

BERT. Something is the matter with the King. (*to* RAKE) Go get a veterinary at once. (*exit* RAKE, R. U. E. *Aside*) There goes the last plank that stood between me and ruin.

Enter ROCKINGHAM, R. U. E.

ROCK. Yes, it is too true: the King is completely knocked off his legs. Some one must have doctored him. Only let me find the villain.

BERT. When you do, leave him to me. My lady, I trust you will excuse me. [*Exit*, R. U. E.

LADY G. (*to* ROCKINGHAM). Is it true; will he not be fit for the race?

ROCK. No, I fear Forest King has run his last race.

LADY G. It is too bad. Bertie depended greatly on this race, and the Guards will lose heavily too.

ROCK. Yes, they will be hard hit, not so much on account of the money, but the fame of the regiment rested on this race.

LADY G. I feel so sorry for Bertie, and the field will be without a favorite. (*exit into house. Lights turned down.* ROCKINGHAM *starts to follow.*)

Enter BARONI, R. U. E., *who stops him.*

BAR. The most noble, the Marquis of Rockingham, I think?

ROCK. Yes; what do you want?

BAR. I want to ask your lordship is that your signature? (*shows forged note.*)

ROCK. (*looking at it*). No, I never made my R's half so well as that. (*turns to go.*)

BAR. One moment, if you please; I want to ask you one more question. Did you endorse a bill on the fifteenth of the month?

ROCK. The fifteenth? No; why do you ask?

BAR. I will tell your lordship if you will grant me a private interview.

ROCK. Well, step into the house. (*exit* BARONI *in house*). That little piece of paper looked very strange. I wish I had admitted the signature. Some poor devil will be getting into a scrape. (*follows* BARONI.)

Enter BERTIE, R. 3 E.

BERT. Poor King! To break up like a hack out of a livery stable. It seemed to me he almost knew my trouble from the way he looked at me. (*bell*) Five o'clock. In three hours I am expected at a ball, where all will be bright and happy; and in three hours I will perhaps be an alien.

Enter RAKE, R. 3 E.

RAKE. Mr. Cecil, the doctor is with the King. I met Mr. Berkeley

as I was coming back, and he gave me this letter to give to you, sor. (*hands letter.*)

BERT. (*sits* L.). Very well. See that everything possible is done for the King, and don't leave the stable. (*exit* RAKE, R. U. E.) How gladly would I exchange places with that fellow. Better be one of them than trained for the great race, entered with cracks and weighted with the chains of poverty.

Enter VENETIA, L. 1 E.

Ah, little one, where are all your playmates? (*plaintive music.*)

VENETIA (*kneeling at his side*). Oh, I don't care for children. Mr. Cecil, they say that you have lost all your money. Is it true?

BERT. Do they? They are not far wrong then. But who are "they," little one?

VEN. Why, everybody; and they say you are ruined. Is that true, too?

BERT. I am afraid it is. But what do you know of these things; and how did you find me here?

VEN. Now please don't be angry. I came because I heard you had lost all your money, and I want you to take mine. (*shows purse.*)

BERT. (*drawing her to him*). How some man will love you some day. I thank you from my heart.

VEN. (*empties coins in his hand*). See! it's all bright gold, and if it is not enough my brother Rock will give you more. (*gives purse and all to him.*)

BERT. God bless you, my little friend. (*kisses her forehead.*)

VEN. Then you will take it?

BERT No, no, I cannot take your money, my child, (*giving it back*) but I love you none the less because I refuse it.

VEN. Then you will take nothing? (*rises.*)

BERT. (*rising, drops letter*). I will take this little purse if you will give it to me, and keep it in memory of you. May I?

VEN. Yes. Oh see, Mr. Cecil, you have dropped something. (*picks up letter and hands it to him.*)

BERT. You will allow me? (*opens and reads letter*) "Bert, I asked you for money. It was not to pay a gambling debt. I forged your name and Rockingham's to a note that is due to-day. I thought you would let me have the money; but now nothing remains for me but to cut and run, as I dare not face the governor. Yours, etc., Berkeley." Shameful! Shameful!

VEN. What is it? Anything worse?

BERT. There could be nothing worse. It's the vilest, blackest shame. There, there, run into the house, and tell no living creature what I have told you. (*takes her toward house.*)

VEN. I would rather stay with you.

BERT. No, go dear; you would please me better by going. You will tell no one? I can trust you?

VEN. Yes, Mr. Cecil, you can trust me. [*Exit into house.*

BERT. Oh, God! If it were anything—anything except disgrace. *Forgery!* I wonder if the boy knew what it meant. It's all my fault; I promised his dying mother to watch over him, to keep him from evil companions, and now it is too late, too late. (*goes up stage.*)

Enter ROCKINGHAM *from house, thrusting* BARONI *out.*

ROCK. Now, you scoundrel, there's Mr. Cecil; stand out and see if you can look him in the face.

BAR. But you are so very violent, so very violent, your lordship.

ROCK. Silence! See here, Bert—never heard of such a trick—confound it, can't bring myself to say it. This hound *dares* to bring a charge against you.

BAR. You have neglected to state that the charge is one of forgery.

BERT. *Forgery!* (*low, but with intense feeling.*)

ROCK. Out with your story. Tell it to his face, and then receive the punishment you deserve.

BAR. That is soon done, your lordship. I simply charge the Honorable Bertie Cecil with negotiating one bill with my firm on the *fifteenth of the month.* That bill was made out in his favor and accepted by you. Your signature you admitted was forged, and with that forgery I charge your friend.

BERT. *On the fifteenth!* (*intensely and low.*)

ROCK. Heavens! How can you stand there like that? Why don't you speak?

BERT. I am not guilty.

ROCK. Why, of course you are not.

BAR. We shall be pleased to find it so; but where are your proofs?

BERT. I give you my *word.*

BAR. Your word is the word of a gentleman. But we men of business must have proofs, my dear.

ROCK. (*crosses* R. 1 *to* BARONI.) You dog! If you use that tone again I'll strangle you.

BAR. Pardon me, your lordship, but you are so very violent. Now this little piece of paper was presented at my office on the evening of the fifteenth, about half past seven o'clock. (*to* BERTIE) Now, if you were not there, where were you?

ROCK. Answered in a moment.

BERT. (*to* ROCKINGHAM) On the fifteenth? (*aside*) I was at Richmond with Lady Guenevere, and I have given her my word that no one shall know it.

ROCK. Yes; were you at mess, the club, dressing for dinner, or where?

BERT. (*slowly*). I cannot tell.

BAR. Just what I thought; so under the circumstances we must place your good friend under arrest.

ROCK. *Silence,* you *hound!* (*about to strike him.*)

BAR. Pardon me, your lordship, but we are wasting time. You must now be convinced of your friend's guilt.

ROCK. *Convinced?* I'd sooner believe in my own disgrace.

BAR. But how is it he is unable to tell where he was between the hours of five and nine on the evening of the fifteenth?

ROCK. Unable? He is not unable; he simply declines. But I am the injured party. Here is a check; fill it out, and I will exchange it for the forged note. (*hands check.*)

BAR. (*refusing*). What you ask is impossible. A crime like this cannot be hushed up with money. (*to* BERTIE) Now, will you go with me quietly, or must we employ force?

BERT. I will go with you quietly.

ROCK. Stop. Where you go I follow.

BAR. Excuse me, your lordship, but I rely on him to go with me quietly. You see we can no longer consider him as the son of the Viscount Royallieu, but simply as an arrested forger.

ROCK. What! You hound! (*about to strike him;* BERTIE *stops him.*)

BERT. My friend, we degrade ourselves by resistance. Take the King—keep him for my sake. Now leave me; it is my wish.

ROCK. If it is your wish I will yield. (*goes toward house.*)

BERT. (*offering hand*). Rockingham, will you take it still?

ROCK. Take it? Before all the world always, come what will. (*shakes hand.*) [*Exit in house.*

BERT. Now, sir, I am ready. (*hurried music;* BARONI *beckons to* DAVIS.)

Enter DAVIS, R. I E.

BAR. There is our man. Seize him!

BERT. What does this mean?

BAR. It means we cannot trust you; you might escape.

BERT. I gave you my word to go with you quietly. You should have trusted me, I should have done so. But curse you, sooner than go to prison in sight of men, and in company of two such villains as you, I'll fight you to the death! (*business of struggle.*

Enter RAKE, R. U. E., *who seizes* BARONI. BERTIE *throws* DAVIS, *stands over him.*

Rake, saddle the brown mare at once! And then a steeplechase for life!

Picture.

CURTAIN.

Lights flashed at curtain. Curtain, quick.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Ancient street in 4th grooves. Prison in 3rd, boxed to represent barracks. Guns stacked in street at back entrance. Entrance centre. Soldiers discovered, as curtain rises, drinking, laughing, singing, etc.*

CAPTAIN. Did I not say he would eat fire?

PETIT PICPON. He rides like an Arab.

CAPT. Cuts off a head with that back circular sweep. Ah-h-h, magnificent! (*all applaud.*)

PIERRE MATOU. And he smokes like a Zouave! (*all laugh.*)

CAPT. And he dances like an aristocrat, and not like a tipsy soldier. (*all laugh.*)

PIC. When did he join?

CAPT. Ten—twelve years ago, or thereabouts. He's an Englishman, I think.

PIERRE. Why?

CAPT. Because when he bathes he splashes like a water dog. (*all laugh.*)

PIC. And when he rides, he rises in his stirrups.

CAPT. And he knows how to box, too. I wish he was in our corps instead of the Black Hawk's.

PIC. The Black Hawk *hates* him, and he is kept down in consequence. Now, if he had been in our corps, he would have had the Cross by this time.

CIGARETTE. (*outside*). Hello! hello!

CAPT. Who have we here?

CIG. (*outside, and nearer*). Hello! hello! Picpon!

PIC. (*goes up, looks off* C. L.). Cigarette! It's Cigarette! (*rushes off calling* Cigarette! Cigarette! *Rest of soldiers follow, calling same. Big noise in entrance, working up* CIGARETTE'S *entrance.*)

CIG. (*outside*). Whoa! Stand still, you brute, what's the matter with you; lay hold of my horse there. (*sounds of laughter; slapping; soldiers back on, taking slaps,* R. *and* L., *laughing.*)

Enter CIGARETTE, C., *soldiers separate, leaving her in view of audience.*

CIG. (*letters, papers, etc., in hand*). Why, what children you are; you push and scramble and tear like a set of monkeys after a nut. Keep away from me, every one of you, or you shall not have so much as a letter.

PIC. (R.). Well, if you hadn't had a letter in six months you'd scramble, too.

CIG. Me? Ha, ha! I never received a letter in my life. Attention! (*all salute*) To the front all of you as I call you. Leon Ramon! (*a soldier comes forward and salutes*) Here is a letter from your mother. If she knew you as well as I do she would not care whether you were dead or alive. (*gives letter; all laugh*) Pierre Matou! (*comes forward and salutes*) Some papers from Paris; quite new, only nine months old. (*gives papers; all laugh*) Le Captaine! (*he comes forward and salutes*) A woman has sent you a love scrawl and some tobacco. Ah! she knew that all your passions end in smoke! (*all laugh; he takes package and letters and goes to* R. 1, *near table*) Picpon! (*comes forward and salutes*) Here is some money. It has not been stolen, so it has lost all spice for you. (*all laugh as he retires* R.) Captain, (*goes towards him, holding out papers, etc.*) here are your papers, letters and commissions. (*giving papers, etc.*) So now that is all.

CAPT. (*standing in front of her*) You have done well. Come, give me a kiss. (*she slaps* CAPTAIN'S *face; all laugh.*)

CIG. (*sitting on table*). Oh, I don't like bad wine after good. I've just come from Corporal Victor.

CAPT. (*holding face*). Sacre! Your heart gone out to that Englishman?

CIG. Oh, he's not an Englishman.

PIC. How do you know?

CIG. Oh, because he does not eat raw meat, (*all laugh*) and then there is no fog in him. (*all laugh*) But here he comes, (BERTIE *appears at back*) he can speak for himself. Ah, mon corporal, le captaine says that you are English—by my faith I believe him. Have some wine? (*offers cup with wine from table*) You need not fear it, I never sell bad liquors.

BERTIE. You do me much honor, ma belle; (*bowing*) much honor.

CIG. In what country did you learn such fine manners?

BERT. Where should one learn courtesy if not in France?

CIG. They say that you are English. I do not believe them. A Spaniard, eh?

BERT. Do you find me so devout a Catholic that you think so?

CAPT. A Greek?

BERT. Still worse; have you ever seen me cheat at cards?

PIC. An Austrian, then? You waltz like a white coat.

BERT. No.

CIG. What are you, then?

BERT. A soldier of France! (*uncovers; all salute*) Can you wish me more?

CIG. True, mon brave, but you were not always a soldier of France. What were you before?

BERT. (*all listen eagerly*). Before? Well—a fool! (*all laugh.*)

CIG. Oh, well, you belonged to the majority then. Is that cigarette a good one you are smoking?

BERT. Yes, fair.

CIG. Give me one. (*he gives her cigarette; business of lighting it*) Do women smoke in your country?

BERT. Oh, yes, some of them.

CIG. Where is it, then?

BERT. I have no country—now.

CIG. Did you leave anything there you cared for?

BERT. Yes.

CIG. What was it; a woman?

BERT. No; a horse. (*all laugh.*)

CIG. (*jumps off table*). Your cigarette is good, which is more than I can say of your company.

CAPT. She's very pretty; is she not?

BERT. Yes, too pretty to be unsexed by such a life as this.

CIG. *Unsexed!* Take care! If you have a woman's face why may not I have a man's soul? [*Exit*, L. 3 E., *in anger.*

CAPT. (*seated at table with* VICTOR). A regular little spitfire; but she loves the tri-color better than her life. (*looks at chessmen*) But do you carve these pretty ivories?

BERT. Yes; I do this in my leisure moments.

CAPT. They are worth an Arab's ransom. But, corporal, we were talking of the accidents of fortune that sent us all into the ranks. Now there is Mademoiselle Cora in Paris sends us more men than the conscription. The War Minister should give *her* the Cross. (*laughs*) Come, now, you fell with the rest; did not a woman send you here?

BERT. No; only chance.

CAPT. Oh, a fig for chance. We are all quoting our tempters to-night. Come, give us your history.

BERT. You have it as well as my sword can write it.

CAPT. Good! And your sword writes in a brave man's fashion. Writes what France loves to read. But before you wore the sword were you in love, a gamester, or what?

BERT. (*starting to feet*). Monsieur! (*salutes*) *Direct obedience* is a soldier's *duty*. I never was taught that inquisitive arrogance was an officer's privilege.

CAPT. (*rising*). A right rebuke, (*salutes*) fairly given and well deserved. I thank you for the lesson. (*shakes hand and crosses to* L. 1 E. *Aside*) I'd give a year's pay to know that fine fellow's history.

[*Exit*, L. 1 E.

Enter BLACK HAWK *and* LADY VENETIA, C. *from* R.

BLACK HAWK. So, my lady, you like Algiers. It is historic certainly, and offers many attractions for strangers.

VEN. There is much to admire, and much more to excite our wonder. Everything is so interesting—even these soldiers of yours are a study.

B. H. Yes, but they are a worthless lot; look at them now. (*come*

down C. *To soldiers*) Fine work this. (*all start and salute*) You shall pay for it in the guard house. Off to your quarters, all of you!

[*All exit*, R. 3 E. *in door.*

BERT. (*crosses to* L. 1 E.; *salutes*). M. le Colonel, the fault was mine.

B. H. Whenever there is insubordination in the regiment the blame is certain to be yours. And if you allow your men to turn the barracks into a riot or a county fair, you'll find yourself degraded from the rank you contrive to disgrace. (*sees chessmen*) Where did you get those chessmen?

BERT. I made them.

VEN. (*back of table;* CIGARETTE *listens at back*). What wonderful skill! Would you sell them?

BERT. They are at your service, madame.

VEN. (*comes down stage*, R. 1 E.). And the price?

BERT. Is the honor of your acceptance, (*bowing*) if you will deign to grant me that. (CIGARETTE *sits on table up stage*, L.)

VEN. Thank you; your clever work, of course, can only become mine by purchase. (*exit* CIGARETTE, L. U. E.) Come, colonel, shall we step in here? we may find something that will interest me. (BLACK HAWK *passes her to door*, R.) [*Exit* VENETIA, R.

B. H. Corporal, (BERTIE *salutes*) my lady will look at your toys again; leave them here until we return. (BERTIE *salutes.*)

[*Exit* BLACK HAWK *after* VENETIA.

Enter CIGARETTE, L.; *gets on table.*

BERT. (*crosses up stage and looks after them; then crosses down to* R. 1, *near table*). How beautiful she is! Ah! (*sighs*) Ah, why must I forget I ever had the right to bear the title of gentleman. (*musingly*) What is there in her face that recalls something of my old life. I wonder if the Black Hawk loves her. I wonder if I shall never teach him that he may some day go too far.

CIG. (*on table, laughing*). We are soldiers, not traders; aren't we? You are no peddler, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Of what are you thinking? That you would rather be called out, courtmarshalled and shot than have your toys inspected by the Black Hawk. That is what you are thinking, eh?

BERT. Well, why not? I grant his right in field and barracks, but—

CIG. Oh, *but* is a blank cartridge, and never did anything but miss fire yet. Shoot dead or don't aim at all. So you won't obey Chateauroy in this? "I will show my blood if I die for it." That is what you are thinking; are you not?

BERT. Something almost as foolish, perhaps. You're a witch, little one; a witch.

CIG. A witch! Ha, ha, ha! Who ever doubted it but you? Oh, yes, I can put two and two together, and read men's thoughts, although I can't read the alphabet. But listen to me; one example set on your part and these soldiers will mutiny. What will happen then?

BERT. You are a soldier; tell me.

CIG. (*jumping down from table and coming down stage*). Yes, I am a soldier, and I have seen war. I have seen soldiers mutiny; seen them walled in and shot down by thousands. You will not let me see this again? (*holding out hand to him.*)

BERT. (*takes her hand and shakes it warmly*). No; I give you my word.

CIG. You are a true soldier. (*waltzes up stage; sees* VENETIA *off*

stage, R.) Oh, here comes my lady. How she sweeps—sweeps, (*mocking her*) like a silver pheasant; so languid, so brilliant, so useless. Bah! She would faint at the mere sight of this. (*takes pistol out of belt; waltzes up stage to table*, L.; *leans on it; listens.*)

Enter BLACK HAWK *and* VENETIA, R. 3 E.

B. H. My lady, you desire to see those toys again. Corporal!

BERT. M. le Colonel. (*salutes at* L. 1 E.)

VEN. (*at table*). You were a sculptor once?

BERT. Never, madame.

VEN. Indeed; why, who taught you such wonderful skill?

BERT. A common teacher, madame—necessity.

B. H. Victor knows that neither he nor his men have any right to waste their time on such trash. But the truth is, my lady, they love their canteen so well they will do anything for money with which to purchase brandy.

VEN. Colonel, I don't think that man carves for brandy. Surely you encourage such pursuits? (*points to toys.*)

B. H. Not I. There are but two arts or virtues for a trooper to my taste—fighting and obedience; but since you admire the trifles, do *me* the honor to keep them.

VEN. No; I offered to purchase them, but he refuses to name his price.

B. H. The man is the most insolent Chasseur in the service. (*to* BERTIE) Go, and leave your toys here, or I'll have them broken by the hammer!

VEN. You misunderstand me. I lay no blame on your corporal. Let him keep his chessmen; his desire not to part with them shows him to be a true artist, as doubtless also he is a good soldier.

BERT. (*takes off cap; bows*). Thank you, my lady; keep them, if you will so far honor me. (*bows.*) [*Exit*, L 1 E.

B. H. (*follows down stage, looking after him*). Have no scruples in accepting them, my lady; I'll see that he loses nothing by parting with his pretty playthings.

VEN. Of what country is your corporal?

VEN. I haven't an idea. His past must have been very black indeed, for he never lets the slightest trace of it escape from his lips. He encourages the men in every insubordination, and ought to have been shot long ago.

VEN. (*aside*). I wonder he has not been, since you have the ruling of his fate. (*aloud*) How has he offended you?

CIG. (*jumping down* C.). By being too good a soldier, my lady! He is the finest in all Africa. Why, he is covered with wounds from Bedouin steel—he rode twenty miles to deliver a dispatch, with a spear head in his side—he saved the day at Zaraila, and in reward (*sneeringly*) he has been made a corporal! Ha, ha, ha! (*goes up stage.*)

B. H. (*aside*). Damnation! I'll find a way to remove this corporal. (*aloud*) My lady, I trust that you will pay no attention to these troopers of mine; (*going up towards* C.) they are a worthless lot. Shall I escort you back to your hotel?

VEN. Yes, I am tired. (*going up*) I am not much versed in military affairs, but, pardon me for saying so, I imagine that you do your corporal an injustice. (*to* CIGARETTE) Here, my little soldier, is a rosebud for you. (*gives flower to* CIGARETTE.)

[*Exit* VENETIA *and* BLACK HAWK, R. C.

CIG. (*looking at flower*). Ha, ha, ha! A rosebud for me! Bah! (*throws flower off stage after* VENETIA I know no rose but the red of the tri-color, and I would accept nothing from her; and he—he gave her his beautiful carvings when he would not so much as look at me. Bah! I have no patience with such a man. Why should I care whom he loves? Why, if I but say the word my soldiers would lay him dead at my feet! (*soldiers' chorus outside*) Why don't I do it; why don't I do it? [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

Enter RAKE, C. D.

RAKE. I've been having a bit of diversion among the wine shops, and while on me way back a gentleman gave me this English paper and said maybe I'd like to read the news. How did he expect a Frinchman like me to rade English? (*up stage*) Well, look at that now; it lays me out, as the corpse says to the undertaker. Why, if it isn't as neat a bit of calico coming this way as I've seen for mony a day. I'll just give her a taste of my style.

Enter NORA, C.

NORA. I say, are you a Frinchman?

RAKE. Divil a bit, save the uniform on me back.

NORA. Do you know a place called Ireland?

RAKE. Bedad an' I do. Shure it's your own swate lips has kissed the Blarney stone.

NORA. Can you show me the way to Hotel Royal?

RAKE. Ah, sure, me angel, it's mesilf can do the same. But perhaps yer can tell me what yer doing here, and what's yer name?

NORA. My name is Nora McShane. I'm the Princess Corona's maid. We are travelling over this world in a big ship. I was out this morning and got lost. But can you tell me who you are?

RAKE. Me? Shure I'm a soldier in the Frinch army. But I say, Nora, me dear, I've never heard divil a bit of an Irish song this many a day, and it's your own swate self can sing me the same.

NORA. (*sings song; or she and* RAKE *do Irish specialty or duet*). Now show me the way. (*goes up* C.)

RAKE. That I will. You see that church beyant there? Well, you go as fast as you can to the corner, then you turn the church around and you see an old Jew with a face on him like a comic valentine, and shure when you're there you're at the hotel itself.

NORA. Thank you, sir.

RAKE. Look straight before you, (*takes her hand*) and take this with yer to show yer the way. (*kisses her; exit* NORA, C.) So there's a big ship in the harbor; well, the divil knows who's prowling around the streets.

Enter BERTIE, C. D.

Ah, Mr. Cecil, I was looking for you.

BERT. Hush! Some one may hear you.

RAKE. Divil a wan is here but the walls, and it's never an ear they have. (*gives him paper.*)

BERT. (*looks at paper*). Where did you get this paper, Rake?

RAKE. An English gentleman gave it to me; there's a fine party visiting the city. But what's the matter? you're as pale as a ghost.

BERT. (*reads*). "Died at Royallieu Castle, on the 27th, the Right Honorable Viscount Royallieu, aged ninety." Dead—dead!

RAKE. The old master dead! And now, Mr. Cecil, you'll go back to England, for you are the rightful heir to the title.

BERT. No, Rake, I lay no claim to anything save the death an Arab spear will some day give me.

RAKE. Don't say that, or you'll have me weeping like a widdy on a rent day. (*looks off* R.) Whist! Here comes the Black Hawk. I'll slit his throat for him some day, if I hang for it! [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

BERT. Rake!

Enter BLACK HAWK, C. D.

B. H. Halt! (BERTIE *salutes*) So you are here, are you? I've not forgotten your insolence in regard to those ivory toys, nor shall it go unpunished. My lady will not allow you to remain unpaid, so I have taken it upon myself to reward you. You deserve the lash; come here! (BERTIE *advances*) Hold out your hand. (*he does so;* BLACK HAWK *draws sword half way, as if to strike; then gives him coins*) What do you say to that?

BERT. I say that there are many losses a soldier regrets, but there is not one so bitter as the loss of the right to resent! (*bugle call outside.*)

Enter PICPON, C.

PIC. M. le Colonel, they have taken the woman!

B. H. What woman?

PIC. The Arab chief's wife. She had wandered too far from the camp and was taken by some of our men who were sweeping the desert for food.

B. H. Bring her before me. (*exit* PICPON, C.) By my soul, now we have the Arab's heart.

Enter PICPON *and soldier with* DJELMA; DJELMA *kneels to* BERTIE, *then to* BLACK HAWK, *who pushes her* L.)

By my sword, but she is beautiful! Here, Victor, what do you think of this fair captive?

BERT. It is not my place to give opinions, M. le Colonel.

B. H. It is, when *I* bid you—speak, or I'll have the words cut from you—speak!

BERT. Would you have me speak plainly?

B. H. Ten thousand curses—yes!

BERT. Then I think that the man who makes war on woman is no longer fit to fight with men.

Enter CIGARETTE, C.; *stands up* C.

B. H. By heavens! (*starts for him, drawing sword*, C.) I've a mind to have you shot like a dog; but no, I'll send you to the Arab chief; he ofttimes spares me the trouble of killing my own *curs*. Take a flag of truce and this message. If he makes a sign of attack this fair creature's life shall pay the penalty; if he remains in arms she shall become my mistress; if he lays down his arms she shall be restored. You hear?

BERT. I hear.

B. H. Obey, then!

BERT. I have no choice. I will carry your cowardly message to the Desert Chief, and before the sun has set you shall have your answer though fifty Arab spears be buried in my breast. (BLACK HAWK *starts for* BERTIE, *drawing sword; is stopped by* CIGARETTE.)

CIG. (*holding papers in front of him*). Dispatches from Algiers!

SENTINEL. SENTINEL.

BERTIE. CIGARETTE. BLACK HAWK. DJELMA.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room of hotel; table at* R., *with chessmen;* C. D. *in* 3; *garden backing; lights down. Discover* RAKE *on guard back of* C. D.

RAKE. Shure it's mighty tired I am chasing meself up and down by this door. Divil a bit of use of a guard here, but it's the Black Hawk's orders. Shure it's mighty anxious he seems about me lady. (*noise outside*) Whist! Some one's coming. (*walks up and down by* C. D.)

Enter NORA, R. 1 E.

NORA. Well, here I am caged up like a prisoner of war, and all yer hear is the tramping and marching of the soldiers. (*sees* RAKE) Oh, shure it's you; well you're looking mighty fine, Mr. Rake.

RAKE. That's been said before to day, but never by such swate lips.

NORA. I say, Mr. Rake, won't you come in?

RAKE. Come in, is it? Ye blessed bunch of shamrocks, can't yer see I'm on duty?

NORA. On duty, is it; and where's your post?

RAKE. Will you listen to that! It's the road to the moon you'll be axin' me next.

NORA. Shure it's no more I'll be axin' yer.

RAKE. (*drops gun*). Yer won't?

NORA. No, I won't, so you can kape on with yer walking.

RAKE. Bedad, it's small wonder Adam fell out of the apple tree with a woman teasing him.

NORA. I say, Mr. Rake, you'd better be guarding your post more carefully or you'll get shot.

RAKE. True, me darling, it's shot I am already with cupid's arrow. I'd face a whole battery for a look of them purty eyes.

NORA. Mr. Rake, I never thought there was so much mischief in yer.

RAKE. Mischief! Shure it's bottled up in me like ale, and if I don't let the stopper out soon I'll bust to pieces. (*tries to kiss her.*)

VEN. (*outside*). Nora! Nora!

NORA. I hear somebody.

RAKE. And I feel somebody. (*takes gun and walks up and down* C. D. *for a while, then goes off stage.*)

NORA. It's me lady.

Enter VENETIA, R. 1 E.

VEN. What noise was that, Nora?

NORA. It must have been the sentry, outside.

RAKE. Begorra, that's true for her. (*looking in* C. D.)

VEN. Has my brother arrived?

NORA. No, me lady.

VEN. Let me know when he arrives. (*exit* NORA, R. 1 E.; VENETIA *goes up to* C. D., *then down to table,* R.) I cannot keep that soldier from my thoughts. He must have led a very different life somewhere. I should like to serve him if I could. (*sits* R.) But how can one serve a man whose only desire is to be forgotten.

Enter ROCKINGHAM *and* BERKELEY, C. D.

ROCK. Ah, Venetia, still up? I've been searching for your soldier friend, but as yet we have not succeeded in finding him

BERK. (L.). He is a fine soldier, but, according to the colonel, is only a clever scoundrel, and the Army of Africa after all is the best place for him.

ROCK. There's a queer little creature in camp—Cigarette they call her. I fancy she's in love with him.

VEN. In love with him? How did you find that out?

ROCK. It is the gossip of the camp; and then she stood up so loyally for him to-day, after his return from the Arab camp. Nothing but a miracle saved him from being cut to pieces. What spell he used to compel the Black Hawk to give up his captive nobody knows.

BERK. And this Cigarette—she is quite a soldier. She was presented to-day with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for her bravery at the battle of Zaraila.

ROCK. I shall never forget when the grand marshal called her before the squadron and presented it to her. She exclaimed: "This is not for me! Who saved the day at Zaraila? Not I, but a soldier of Africa, who, when all his officers were cut down before him, rallied his men all day in the scorching sun. I tell you the cross is not mine." (VENETIA *starts*) What is the matter, Venetia; has the day been too warm, or the evening too cool? (BERKELEY *goes up* C.)

VEN. Perhaps both. When do we start for England?

ROCK. In a day or two, but I shall make one more attempt to find this man before we leave.

VEN. No, Philip, do not seek to find this man.

ROCK. But it was your request.

VEN. Think me changeable, if you will, but do not notice a soldier of Africa at my instance.

ROCK. Pardon me, but my curiosity is aroused, and I shall make one more attempt to find this soldier before I start for England.

[*Exit*, L. 1 E.

BERK. (*comes down* R.). My lady, you heard what your brother said, and I trust you will pardon me when I ask why you show so much interest in a man of whose history you know nothing?

VEN. You are right. Why should I interest myself in his behalf? I thought he was above his station, and I would mention his name to the grand marshal on our return to Paris.

BERK. My lady, it is your brother's intention to return to England in a few days. I trust that you will pardon me if I again renew my suit When we were in England you gave me no hope, but I trust that time and circumstances have caused you to change your mind. You know how devotedly I love you, and the happiest moment of my existence will be when you consent to become my wife.

VEN. (*rises and crosses to* L.). Lord Royalhen, I gave you my answer in England; Africa is not likely to change my opinion. As my brother's friend I respect you; do not ask for more—*love* I have none to give. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

BERK. (*looks after her*). As I expected—proud, hard and cold. I can never teach her to look upon me save as her brother's friend. (*crosses to* R.) And this soldier; who can he be to awake such interest in her? For that reason alone I would gladly change places with him. I will go to the camp, I will not rest until I find this man; I must know who and what he is. (*turns to go*, C. D.)

Enter BERTIE, C. D., *and meets him.*

BERK. (*starts back*). You—you—I thought you dead!

BERT. To you I am dead.

BERK. My brother a common soldier! How have you lived?

BERT. Honorably—let that suffice; and you?

BERK. In honor, too, I swear it! That was my first, my last disgrace. I believed the story of your death. Had I known you lived I would have said you were innocent, but when they told me you were killed I did not think it worth while; besides, it would have broken our father's heart. Oh God! I was a coward.

BERT. Yes, you were a coward; therein lay the story of your fall.

BERK. I am in your power—I stand in your place. All I possess belongs to you—our father is dead. Do you know this, since you have never claimed the inheritance?

BERT. I know it.

BERK. And you have never come forward to claim your rights.

BERT. What I did not do to clear my own honor I was not likely to do merely to bear a title.

BERK. But this life of yours! Great heavens, it must be misery!

BERT. Perhaps. It has at least no disgrace in it.

BERK. No, no! You are happier than I—you have no remorse to bear! And yet—to tell the world that I am guilty!

BERT. You need never tell it; I shall not.

BERK. You will not?

BERT. No. Do not fear me. I have kept your secret for twelve years; I will keep it still. All I ask is that you so live that in the future your past shall be redeemed.

BERK. And you?

BERT. I shall lead the life fittest for me.

BERK. And that is?—

BERT. That of a soldier of France. Come, let us part now and forever. (BERKELEY *goes to him; they shake hands*) Leave Algiers—that is all I ask.

BERK. (*up stage*, C.). But you, are you content?

BERT. Say no more, but leave me—leave me. (*exit*, BERKELEY, C. D.) Content—content. It is better so, and yet had I my birthright I could stand before this woman as her equal.

Enter VENETIA, R. 1 E.

Ah, my lady, I have found your chain, though broken, I regret to say.

VEN. I must have lost it while riding yesterday. I am greatly indebted to you for taking care of it. You have been in terrible scenes since last I saw you. Your visit to the Arab camp and the story of Zarailа have reached us. You cannot refuse now to let me place your name before the grand marshal.

BERT. You do me much honor; but if you would serve me, do nothing of the kind.

VEN. And why? Do you not desire the cross?

BERT. I desire nothing, madame.

VEN. Strange man! Have you no ambition?

BERT. If I had it is not a pair of epaulets that would content it.

VEN. (*who has been looking at purse he gave her*). How did you obtain this?

BERT. The chain, madame? It had fallen in the water.

VEN. The chain! No! The purse!

BERT. That was given me many years ago.

VEN. By whom?

BERT. By a child, madame.

VEN. That purse was mine. I gave it! And you—you are my brother's dearest friend, Bertie Cecil.

BERT. And you are little Venetia. Oh how could I have been so blind!

VEN. We thought you dead. Why have you lived like this? It was cruel to my brother. Child though I was, I remember his grief when the news came that you had lost your life. He is here—I will send for him. (*starts to ring bell on table.*)

BERT. No, no; do nothing of the kind, I beg of you.

VEN. What do you fear from Philip?

BERT. Yesterday when I met him in the camp I hid my face and fled from him as one would from famine and pestilence.

VEN. You fled from Philip? Ah, you must wrong him. What will it matter to him whether you wear a peer's robe or a soldier's uniform, whether you be a prince or a trooper?

BERT. Do you not know—has no one ever told you?

VEN. What?

BERT. That when I left England the stain of crime was upon me.

VEN. Crime—what crime?

BERT. I was accused of having forged your brother's name.

VEN. But you were not guilty, I know. The man my brother honored with his friendship could never stoop to the level of a fraud.

BERT. I *was* guiltless; but no one could credit it then, and no one would do so now; nor can I seek to make them. Ask me no more. only give me your belief if you can, and tell no living creature wh have told you now. All I can ask is to be forgotten.

VEN. You ask what is not mine to give. I knew you so well in my childhood. It will not be possible to forget such a meeting as this. Do you know that your father is dead, and so long as you live your brother cannot hold the title lawfully?

VOICE (*outside*). Halt!

BERT. (*starts*). Some one is coming.

VEN. It is Philip; he is returning from the camp.

BERT. I cannot see him; I dare not face him. Promise me you will never tell your brother who I am.

VEN. I promise until you release me.

BERT. Thank you. You were an angel of pity to me in your childhood; in your womanhood you have given me the only mercy I have known since last I looked upon your face. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

VEN. Poor fellow! How bitter his life must be. (*sits at table*) And he is proud still; prouder than he knows. (*turns up lamp; takes book.*)

Enter CIGARETTE, C. D., *cautiously.*

CIG. So this is the nest of the silver pheasant: and there she sits. I wonder what she is like, if she is flesh and blood as I am? If she is I'll show her how a child of the people can laugh at her rank. (*places hand on pistol in belt*) Why don't I kill her? I will before I leave. (*crosses down stage towards* L. 1 E.)

VEN. (*starts; lays down book*). Oh, is it you? You wish to see me? Come nearer—have no fear.

CIG. (*laughs scornfully*). Fear? What! I fear *you!* You silver pheasant, who never did anything in your life but spread your dainty colors in the sun! What! I fear you? I could *kill* you, and I will!

(*takes pistol from belt, points it at* VENETIA, *who stands a moment looking intently at her, and then quietly takes pistol from her and places it on table,* R.)

VEN. Child, are you mad? Brave natures never stoop to assassination. Why do you wish to injure me?

CIG. Because I *hate* you. I came here to-night for two purposes; the one to look closely at you, the other to hurt you, wound you, if I could; but you won't let me—oh, I don't know what is in you!

VEN. It is rather something in yourself—something that will not allow you to be unjust, my poor child.

CIG. Don't poor child me, or I'll show you a touch of my insolence. You may be a grand dame everywhere else, but your rank carries no terror for me.

VEN. I do not seek to have it. If I did not feel an interest in you do you think I would suffer for an instant the ignorant rudeness of an ill-bred child?

CIG. (*angrily*). Ill-bred! Ill-bred child! (*changing suddenly*) Ah, you are right. (*taking cross from her neck and throwing it on floor*) I disgrace my cross the very first day I wear it. You are as beautiful as a sorceress. I do not wonder that he loves you.

VEN. He? Who?

CIG. The man who was made to bring his toys here to you, like a common hawker.

VEN. I do not believe he made you his confidante,

CIG. No; not he. He belongs to your class. You could kill him before he would speak. I only know what I have seen.

VEN. You are right when you say he is of my class. The gentleman, for he is a gentleman, by a strange chain of circumstances is connected with my family. He once was a great friend of my brother's. I fancy you would do him a favor if you could.

CIG. Well, we are soldiers, and soldiers always help each other. What do you want me to do?

VEN Take a message to him from me, and say nothing of what I have told you.

CIG. Do you take me for a raw recruit who babbles over his first measure of wine? What is your message?

VEN. He and my brother must not meet. Tell him that my brother, knowing him as Louis Victor, will seek him out at the camp. Tell him to avoid the meeting as best he can.

CIG. You know little of the camp or you would send no such message. Why, if he is not there when his officers call him he would be shot like a dog.

VEN. True! I had forgotten. Well, go and send him to me. My brother must be taken into his confidence. You will do this, as you are his friend?

CIG. If I be I do not see why I am to turn your lackey. Go find some other messenger.

VEN. I thought you were his friend, and that you would aid me to assist him. I see I was mistaken, so we will let the matter drop. (*turns away.*)

CIG. Forgive me, my lady. (*kneels, kisses her hand; picks up cross, rises*) You are right; I am his friend. I will go. Ah, my lady, I do not wonder that men love you, when even I cannot hate you.

[*Exit,* C. D.

VEN. A little tigress with a heart of gold and as true as steel. How she loves him! And she is so brave she will not show it.

Enter BLACK HAWK, C. D.

B. H. Ah, my lady, I did not expect to find you here. You leave for England in a few days your brother informs me.

VEN. That is his intention I believe.

B. H. And at his request I have brought you passports, which he desired me to procure for him. (*takes them from belt; crosses back to table and places them there; sees chessmen*) Ah, I see you still retain my corporal's ivory toys. (*examines them*) On my word, they are fine; I wish I could say as much for the man; he is the most insolent in the regiment. Men should keep their grades, and privates who think themselves gentlemen should receive the lash they merit.

VEN. (*aside*). How he hates that man. (*aloud*) Don't you think you are a little severe upon your corporal?

B. H. No. I know them all. They know how to produce an effect in a lady's presence as they know how to fight and swear out of it.

VEN. Possibly; but if your corporal is not a gentleman I never saw one. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

B. H. (*bows*). Damn that corporal! Am I never to hear the last of him? I hate him, and where the Black Hawk hates he strikes.

[*Exit*, L. 1 E.

Enter CIGARETTE *and* BERTIE, C. D.

CIG. You are wanted.

BERT. Wanted for what?

CIG. How should I know? You are wanted by the Silver Pheasant. Put on your palace manners. Send her in your card. (BERTIE *goes down* L.; CIGARETTE *turns and goes up stage to* C. D.; *aside*) I have sent him to her when I should have put a bullet through her heart.

[*Exit*, C. D.

Enter VENETIA, R. 1 E.

VEN. I see the little soldier has kept her word. I sent for you to ask you to retract your words and allow me to tell my brother what I know.

BERT. No, no; ask anything of me but that; but do not ask that, I beg of you.

VEN. And why; do you mistrust him?

BERT. No, it is not that. It is because I trust him too well to give him pain. Do you suppose that if I could speak I would not tell you all?

VEN. Whoever was the criminal should suffer. Why not speak the words that would place you before the world an innocent man?

BERT. You shall answer for me—be my law—my judge.

VEN. The woman does not live who should be that to any man.

BERT. You shall be that to me, for I love you.

VEN. This is madness. What have you seen of me? What do you know of me?

BERT. Enough to love you while my life shall last. In your eyes I was but an African trooper, in my own I was your equal. Now you know all—know the worst that tempts me. No famine, no humiliation ever so tempted me to buy back my birthright as this one desire to stand in my rightful place before men, and to strive for that which they have not won.

VEN. Lord Royallieu, keep your secret from the world if you will, prove your innocence only to me. I care not what the world thinks of you or says of me. I will be your wife.

BERT. Venetia! (*embrace*) This one moment of happiness is worth all the misery I have endured!

VEN. I must leave you now. We start for England to-morrow. (*goes toward* R. 1 E.) In one month expect your release—till then farewell.

BERT. (*goes to her and kisses her hand*). Farewell.

[*Exit* VENETIA, R. 1 E.

Enter BLACK HAWK, L. 1 E., *sees* VICTOR *kiss* VENETIA'S *hand.*

B. H. What are you doing here? Why have you left your squadron? Have you no tongue? Speak, or I'll have the words cut from you—speak!

BERT. I will not tell.

B. H. By heavens, I'll have you thrashed like a dog for that answer. But I know as well as if you had told me why you came here. So my lady chooses her lovers from amongst my blackguards. But your silence cannot shield her from the shame of her midnight intrigues.

BERT. (*strikes* BLACK HAWK; *he falls* C.). You lie! and you know that you lie!

Quick Curtain. Lights flashed.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Dark wood scene an hour before daylight; wood wings with set prison at* L. 2 E. *Lights down. Discover guard pacing in front of* L. 2 E. *As curtain rises the voices of six sentries outside repeat one after the other, "Five o'clock and all is well."*

Enter CORPORAL, R. U. E.

CORP. Halt!

GUARD. Who goes there?

CORP. Corporal of the guard with relief.

GUARD. Advance and give the countersign! (CORPORAL *advances, gives word, crosses gun, turns* R.) Word is correct.

CORP. Advance, relief! (*a soldier comes down* C., *turns* L., *goes to* GUARD *and crosses gun same as* CORPORAL.)

GUARD. You are instructed to guard the prisoner. Let no one see him without written permission from the colonel in command. Obey the orders of the day and the laws of your country. (*crosses to* C., *turns* R., *goes up and falls in line with other soldiers.*)

CORP. March! (*follows the others off,* L. U. E.)

Enter CIGARETTE, R. U. E.

CIG. I brought him to her when I should have sent a bullet through her heart. Bah! Why should I care whom he loves? I have my flag, my cross (*kisses cross*) and my army—what more do I desire? (*turns; sees* GUARD) Hello! Who are you guarding so carefully?

GUARD. Corporal Victor, little one.

CIG. Corporal Victor?

GUARD. Yes; where have you been that you have not heard of the trial?

CIG. I have been away for two days.

GUARD. 'Twas bad work—bad work. He struck the Black Hawk. It was a light blow, but with threat to kill following it. He has been tried and is to be shot at sunrise.

CIG. Shot? When did this happen?

GUARD. Night before last.

CIG. (*aside*). Night before last! The blow was struck for her. It was that night. (*puts hand to heart.*)

GUARD. What's the matter, little one? You look strangely. Do you love this soldier?

CIG. Love him! (*laughs*) What—I love him? I *hate* him. (*crosses to* L. 1 E.) I have looked for vengeance, and it has come.

Enter VENETIA, R. 1 E.

VEN. (*to* CIGARETTE). Is it true that he is to be shot at sunrise? You have some power here—tell me, can nothing be done to save him?

CIG. He has struck his chief; for *that* there is no reprieve.

VEN. If he dies it is I who have killed him. That blow was struck for me.

CIG. Ay, you are right; the blow was struck for you. You say he is of your order—tell me his name and rank.

VEN. Yes! yes!

CIG. Write it out, I do not understand your English names.

VEN. (*takes out book and writes*). There, child, and if you have any power save him if you can.

CIG. Read what you have written.

VEN. (*reads*). "I affirm that the person serving in your army under the name of Louis Victor, is Bertie Cecil, lawfully the Viscount Royallieu, peer of England. Signed, Lady Venetia Corona." There, child; what is it you will do?

CIG. I will ride to the Grand Marshal.

VEN. But they say he never changes a sentence.

CIG. Perhaps not; but what he refuses to justice and humanity he may not refuse to one of his own rank. (*starts to go.*)

VEN. Stay—one word.

CIG. No; this is no time for words. If you love him go to him, and let the bullets intended for him first kill you.

[*Exit*, R. U. E. VENETIA *crosses to* GUARD.

GUARD. Halt! (*holds gun in front of her.*)

VEN. Your prisoner is Louis Victor, is he not?

GUARD. Yes.

VEN. He is to be shot at sunrise?

GUARD. Yes.

VEN. I heard of it yesterday. I rode all night from Oran. I feel a great pity for this man. His crime was——

GUARD. A blow to his colonel and threat to kill after.

VEN. Is there no possibility of a reprieve?

GUARD. None.

VEN. May I speak with him for an instant? I have heard he is of my country, and of a rank above his present standing here.

GUARD. I am sorry, madame, but I have my orders to allow none to pass.

VEN. Were your colonel here he would not refuse me permission to see him.

GUARD. Perhaps not. But you must go to the colonel's tent and get a permit; otherwise I can't allow you to pass.

VEN. (*aside*). Must I ask a favor of that man? I will! He must not perish. [*Exit*, R. 1 E. *Exit* GUARD, *slowly*, L. 1 E.

Enter RAKE, R. 3 E.

RAKE (*looking off*). What's up with Cigarette, I wonder. She passed me on her horse like a stlrake of lightning. (*looks* L.) Poor masther! Sorry the day I'd like to see him die. He won't let me tell thim who he is; but, begorra, I must do something, or bust. If I could get him to change places with me he might make his escape. Begorra, we look so much alike they'd never know the ditlerence. I suppose they'd shoot me when they did. I was born to be shot at; a regular sample to try new guns on. Now I'll just slip by before the guard comes, and——

Enter GUARD, *quickly*, L. 1 E.

GUARD (*stops him*). Halt!

RAKE. Och, murther! (*turns*) The divil's loose now.

Enter BLACK HAWK *and* VENETIA, R. 1 E.

B. H. What are you doing here?

RAKE. Nothin', sor.

B. H. Call the corporal of the guard.

GUARD (*calling*). Corporal of the guard, Post 4!

VOICE (*outside*). Corporal of the guard, Post 4!

Enter CORPORAL, L. 1 E.

B. H. (*to* RAKE). This is the second time you have been seen prowling around here; your intimacy with the prisoner makes your presence suspicious. Have you any orders for leaving your quarters?

RAKE. No, sor; shure I must have lost thim.

B. H. (*to* CORPORAL). Place that man under arrest.

RAKE. Let me explain.

B. H. Not a word. Take him to the guard house. (*exit* RAKE, *followed by* CORPORAL. *To* VENETIA) My lady, you can see and talk to the prisoner for a short time. Make your interview as brief as possible, for he has not long to live. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Enter BERTIE, *from prison*.

BERT. Venetia! You here? I thought you had left Africa.

VEN. Do you think I could leave Africa knowing that you were under sentence of death? I rode all night from Oran to implore, to beg you to tell them who you are. They know not what they do.

BERT. They but obey the sentence of the law. Do not regret it; it is better so.

VEN. Better that you should die? That blow was struck for me; if you die it is I who have killed you!

BERT. Hush! Hush! Do not make me die a coward. I cannot tell you a lie, and the truth I will never tell to you. Do not plead for me. Leave me; it will soon be over.

VEN. Leave you? Never! I will remain with you till the last; and if you do not speak I will.

BERT. It would be useless. I cannot return to England; I was accused——

VEN. (*interrupting*). Not by Philip—not by me.

BERT. What! You have never doubted?

VEN. Never. I know your honor to be as stainless as my own.

BERT. Thank God! Then I can die in peace. (*they go up stage.*)

Enter BLACK HAWK, R. 3 E., *with file of soldiers; down* R.

B. H. My lady, make your farewell; you must leave the prisoner.

VEN. (*wildly*). No, you shall not kill him! You know not who he is. He is of my country—a nobleman. I will appeal to your emperor. Give me an hour to seek your marshal.

B. H. What you ask is impossible. Further entreaty is useless; the law must take its course.

VEN. An hour's reprieve.

B. H. Impossible.

VEN. But you do not dream who he is.

B. H. It matters not.

VEN. He is an English nobleman!

B. H. He is a soldier who has broken the law. Corporal, remove this lady beyond the lines.

Enter ROCKINGHAM, *quickly*, L. 1 E.

ROCK. Hold! What is the meaning of this! And Venetia, why are you here? What interest can you have in the life or death of this man? They say he is of my country; I must see him—speak to him. (*turns, sees* BERTIE) That face! Speak, man! Who are you?

BERT. Philip!

ROCK. (*rushes forward, takes his hand*). Cecil! You still live! I thought you dead so long ago! Thank God, I have found you at last! Why did you not make yourself known to me, if lost to all the world beside? And how is it I find you condemned to death?

B. H. Monsieur, make your farewell; I can wait no longer.

ROCK. I tell you he shall not die. As I live you shall not fire (*places himself in front of* BERTIE) Before your bullets reach this man they must first pass through my body.

BERT. My friend, for my sake—for the sake of our common country and our old love—let us both meet this with courage and with silence.

ROCK. Are you mad, to die here like a dog? What crime have you committed?

BERT. None, save being moved under insult to act as men of our nation have always acted.

B. H. Corporal Victor, you have been found guilty of one of the worst crimes known to the Army of Africa. Your sentence has been passed; we are here to execute it. Have you anything to say?

BERT. Only this: that a coward, a liar, and a traducer, cannot wonder that men prefer death to submission under insult. Well, I am ready; give your signal. It will be the only kind act you have ever done me.

B. H. Attention!

CIG. (*outside, in distance*). Hold! Hold!

B. H. Ready!

CIG. (*outside, nearer*). Hold! Hold! A pardon!

B. H. Aim!

CIG. (*outside, still nearer*). Hold! Hold! In the name of France, hold! (*she rushes on,* R. 1 E., *between* BERTIE *and troopers, waving pardon as she enters.*)

B. H. Fire! (CIGARETTE *is shot; falls* C., *in* BERTIE'S *arms.*)

ALL. Cigarette! (*drop guns; low music.*)

CIG. A pardon for your corporal! (*holds paper toward* BLACK HAWK.)

B. H. (*takes paper, looks at it*). Where did you get this?

CIG. From the Grand Marshal's own hand.

B. H. Damnation! (*retires up stage* R.)

BERT. (*kneeling*). Child, you have given your life for mine!

CIG. 'Tis nothing. I would have done it for any one of my soldiers. Bury me where the army passes, so that I can hear the trumpet and the drum; bury—my cross with me—(*kisses cross*) and tell them in—France—Ah! if I could only see France once more—France—(*dies. All kneel, except* BLACK HAWK, *with bared heads.*)

BERT. Dead! Dead!

Tableau.

SOLDIERS.

BLACK HAWK. ROCKINGHAM.

BERTIE.

CIGARETTE. VENETIA.

CURTAIN.

WON BACK

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Drawing-room, Arlington, Washington—1860.

"Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all; and life indeed is not
The thing we planned it out, ere hope was dead,
And then, we women cannot choose our lot."

In fetters—The rivals—North and South—The coy widow—A noted duelist—An old affection—The dismissal—The rivals meet—"You shall answer for this"—Farewell.

ACT II—Same Scene—1860.

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We all are changed. God judges for the best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

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With solemn roll of drums,
With starlit banners rustling wings of night,
The knightly concourse comes."

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